A MATCH AT FOOT-BALL: A POEM.

In Three CANTOS.

Ludimus effigiem belli,——————
——————*Certamina tanta,*
Carminibus prorsus vatum illibata priorum. Vida.

DUBLIN:

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Errata.

PAge 17, *Line* 10, *for* the, *Read* to. *p.* 18, *Line* 7, dele the laſt l in skill. *p.* 35. *l.* 6. *Inſert* his, *after* fills. *p.* 36, *l.* 8, *for* Virtuous, *R.* Virtue's *p.* 37, *l.* 17, *for* raeſon, *R.* reaſon. *p.* 40, *l.* 8. *R.* repercuſſive. *p.* laſt, *l.* laſt, Add (?)

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To *Richard Bettesworth*, Esq;

SIR,

ALtho' Addresses of this Nature, like most other things, have by the Corruption of the Times deviated from their Original Purity: Yet certainly the first Design of them was good; since it was more than the Author's assuring his Patron of the Respect he had for him, and making a publick Acknowledgment of the Favours he had receiv'd.

This comes before you almost in the Primitive state Dedications; and only Differs in one Thing, which an humble Request, that as you have been a sort Godfather to this Piece, and answered for its being Poetry before it was able to speak Publickly for itself, you will now endeavour to make it appear so, defend it, with a Continuance of your good Name, against the Criticisms of Men of little Candour.

I must take this Opportunity of paying my humble Acknowledgments to the Gentlemen, who have been kind

kind enough to make this *POEM* appear in the be
Light by their Subſcriptions to the Printing of it: A
for the Ladies, as their Favours are more than m
Poetry can deſerve, ſo they are greater than my Or
tory can return: Nor have I any Thing left to ſa
but that I am prouder of the Beauties I can reck
before this Piece, than of thoſe People flatter, me a
in it. Yet even here I muſt Check my Vanity, b
reflecting that I am your Debtor for this, and that th
Ladies who are the beſt Judges of Merit, levell'd the
Favours immediately at you, in Conſequence of whi
I received them; Like the Rays of the Sun, Glanci
Directly upon ſome Towring Edifice, and thence r
flecting with more warmth upon inferior Objects.

Here (and the World will expect it) I ſhould wi
a Counterfeit Modeſty condemn my own Performan
and extol my Patrons Wit, *&c.* But that I ſhall wa
for two Reaſons; The firſt is, that I think them tw
Tasks equally unneceſſary; ſince 'tis as impoſſible f
a Perſon of Judgment not to find Charms in the Co
verſation of Mr. *BETTESWORTH*, as not
diſcover Faults in the Peruſal of the following Sheet
And the laſt is, that I would convince you, my on
Deſign in this, is to let Mankind know with ho
much Gratitude and Reſpect I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Obliged a
moſt Obedient Serva

M. C.

A Match at Foot-Ball, &c.

Canto. I.

I Sing the Pleasures of the Rural throng,
And Mimick Wars, as yet unknown to Song,
Whilst on Weak Wings uncommon flights I Soar,
And lead the Muse thro' Tracts untry'd before.
Ye *Sylvan* Maids, be present to my Lays,
Inspire my Numbers, and my fancy raise.

The Distant Sun, now Shoots a feeble Ray,
And Warms with fainter Beams, the fading Day;

Now Cooler Breezes, fan the Sultry Glade,
And Waving Trees project a longer Shade,
When on a wide Extent of Level Ground,
Which ſpreading Groves, and riſing Hillocks bound,
The Num'rous Crowd, with wonder and delight,
At once Confound, and entertain the ſight.
Here Troops of Horſemen throng the Varied Scene,
Or view the Goal, or Gallop o're the Plain.
There Jolly Ruſticks in their beſt Array,
Impatient for the Sport, the Field Survey;
Tir'd with preceding Mirth, the Buxom Laſs,
Reclines her wearied Limbs upon the Graſs:
There lay'd at eaſe, receives her Lovers treats,
Or makes new Conqueſts, or old Vows repeats.
Some Laugh and Chat, ſome Dance, while others run,
But all agree, to wiſh the Sport begun.

At length Old *Hobbinol* the Crowd addreſt,
And Words like theſe, with Son'rous Voice expreſs'd:

Atte

nd Ye lusty Swains Assembled here,
Men of *Soards*, and Ye of *Lusk* give Ear;
o e'er would try their Fortune at the *Ball*,
bravely conquer, or as bravely fall.
Holland Caps (the Victor's lawful Prize,)
h *Ribbands* bound, here wave before your Eyes.
o' such as win, Immortal Honour gain,
shall the Vanquish'd not contend in vain,
Gloves full twice three Pair, a Gift as great,
ll help to reconcile them to their Fate.
ides our *Squire*, the Conq'rours Hearts to Cheer,
ill treat them with a Cask of Humming Beer:
ew here my Lads, the Prizes you may win,
——Save the King——and let the Game begin.

When Lo! Six Men of *Soards* (a goodly sight)
heir Active Limbs, all loosely Clad in White,
ove towards the Barrier with a Sprightly Pace,
joyful Pride, sat Smiling on each Face,

A Crimſon *Ribband*, trimly ty'd behind,
Hung from each Cap, and wanton'd in the Wi
Young *Terence* led the Van; a Blither Swain,
Ne're charm'd with Tuneful Song, the Neigh'bri
Plain;
Than him none better skill'd, his Flocks to Feed,
The Sires to Fatten, or Encreaſe the Breed.
To Crop the Woolly *Fleece* with Artful Care,
Or from his *Fold* the Wily *Fox* to Scare.

Mov'd by no Thirſt of Gain, he ſeeks the Prize,
No Sordid Paſſions in his Boſom riſe.
All that he hopes his Labours to beguile,
Is from bright *Norah* one approving Smile,
Norah with Pleaſure view'd the gallant Youth,
Proud of his Love, and grateful for his Truth,
And ſure ſevereſt Cenſure might Excuſe,
The fair Ones Pride, when ſo much merit Sues.
In Country Weeds the Lovely *Nymph* was dreſt,
A Flow'ry Chaplet deck'd her Snowy Breaſt.

new blown Roſes ſhe compos'd the wreath,
Wi[illegible]ſh as her Face, and fragrant as her Breath,
[illegible]*rance* on her his Watchful Eyes had ſet,
ain, [illegible]d as he gaz'd their changing glances met,
h'bri[illegible]az'd confus'd——ſhe ſtrove to look around,
Feed, [illegible]en fixt her modeſt Eyes upon the Ground.
[illegible]ſudden riſing bluſh at once diſplay'd,
[illegible]e Modeſty and Beauty of the Maid.

O Happy Youth, how envied is thy State,
ize, [illegible]w like our Paſſions? How unlike our Fate?
[illegible]r love you play nor covet empty Praiſe,
[illegible]r love I ſing, nor graſp at barren Bays,
[illegible]t yet (O dire reverſe) you both obtain,
hilſt wretched I lament my fruitleſs pain.

O were my Lays like thy diverſions gay,
s. [illegible]r were I skill'd in Song as thou in Play,
[illegible]hen might I hope *MELISSINDA'S* Breaſt to move,
[illegible]nd make my Fame immortal as my Love;

Two Brothers next of equal ſize came on,
The Elder *Darby*, and the Younger *John*.
For Singing this, and that for Dancing fam'd,
This ne're was rude, and that was ne're aſham'd,
Both ſwift of Foot in artful grappling skill'd,
Born on the Confines of the fatal Field.

The next to theſe in place was ſturdy *Hugh*,
His Sinews tougher than the twanging Eugh,
Far hence on *Wicklow*'s ſteepy Mountains bred,
With ſtrength'ning Pig-nuts, and Potato's fed,
But now, (ſo Fate Ordain'd) our better Cheer,
Has charm'd the wandring Wight, and fix'd him here.

How ſhall I *Felim* thy juſt praiſe ſet forth?
Words can but faintly repreſent thy worth,
Tho' three times Twenty rolling Years have ſhed,
Their Hoary Honours on thy rev'rend Head,
Entellus like, thou could'ſt not brook to ſtay,
A bare Spectator on this glorious Day,

ctice and Years to thee the knack impart,
o ſhift with Cunning, and to trip with Art.

aſt *Daniel* came to *Oxman-town* long known,
many a well fought Field his skill was ſhown,
good defence his chiefeſt Talent lay,
is prudent conduct oft retriev'd the Day.

Before them March'd, (and as he March'd he play'd)
entoſo in his neweſt Weeds Array'd,
om Leathern Baggs he ſqueez'd th' obſtrep'rous tone,
Which humming Iſſued thro' the Concave drone.
his Wooden Tube, (as antient Bards have ſung,)
om the ſame Hills which Echo to it ſprung.
ld *Murtagh* firſt (to him it owes its riſe,)
hereon aloft diſplay'd the Champion's prize.
om which thro' various Offices it run,
ill made a Broom-ſtaff by his eldeſt Son.
ext as a Crutch, when worn with Years he bends
our *Ventoſo's* crippled Sire deſcends,

Who dying left, (and bid him keep with care)
This only Pledge to his afflicted Heir,
Pleas'd with the Gift, he firſt with Iv'ry bound
Then bor'd a paſſage for the tuneful ſound.
And now once more it cheers the Champions he
A joyful Vigour to each Youth imp:rts,
And fires with ardor to obtain the Prize;
It's Notes tho' ſweet, were drown'd in ſhriller Cr
Loud Acclamations fill the ſpacious round,
Whilſt diſtant Rocks repeats the joyous ſound.

On t'other Hand the Green begins to clear,
And ſee ſix luſty Lads of *Lusk* appear,
Supple their Sinews are, their Bodies light,
Their Aſpects chearful, and their Dreſſes white,
A Ribband in his Cap of Azure hue,
Diſtinguiſh'd each bold Champion to the View.

With theſe young *Paddy* holds the foremoſt pla
In ſhape to none Inferior or in Face;

In Gardens bred, Herbs were his choiceſt fare;
And *FLORA* made him her peculiar Care;
Nor ever was at Rural Paſtimes ſeen,
Nor with Heroick Sentiments inſpir'd,
Till *Norah*'s lovely Eyes his Boſom fir'd,
Deſiſt vain Youth, thy hapleſs fate to Learn,
The Gods are juſt, and *Norah* can diſcern.
The Gods to more deſert decree the prize,
And form the Merit yields in *Norah's* Eyes:

Him follow'd *Kit*, near *Nanny Water* bred,
But now by thirſt of reputation led,
A *Denizen* of *Lusk*; none better skill'd,
To Crop with Dextrous art the waving Field,
To tedd the Graſs upon the new ſhorn plain,
Or from the well cruſh'd Ear divide the Grain.

Next *Neal* and *Cabe*, whom poverty ſent forth
From the bleak Regions of the rugged *North*,

Waſted with Toils, and ſtarv'd on ſcanty Oats,
With tatter'd Shirts, and deſtitute of Coats,
To *Luſk* they came; but now Indulg'd in eaſe,
With Strength'ning Turneps fed, and Fat'ning Pea
Joyful they trip the Field, and long to ſhew,
Their active Courage on ſo brave a Foe.

Le'nard ſucceeds for ſtrength and skilll renown'd
No Wight like him in all *Fingal* is found,
So ſwift to gain, and firm to keep his Ground.

See ſurly *Dick* the *Miller* laſt appear,
And with a gloomy look bring up the Rear,
Nor fir'd with pleaſure, nor with danger aw'd,
Strong were his knitted Limbs, his Shoulder broad,
Few better skill'd than him to play the Game,
Or toſs the Foot-Ball with a ſurer aim.

Hail'd by no Friendly Voice they take their ſtand,
No Proſp'rous Omens chear the luckleſs band,

Unin-

ore them Struts, and with his thrumming Song,
nterrupted Charms, the lift'ning throng,
d *Tim*; ſupported by one Leg of Wood,
tho' his Limbs were maim'd his Heart was good.
Hounds and *Foxes* he could Fights rehearſe,
nd ſing Saint *Patrick's* praiſe in Splay-Foot Verſe,
hole Fights and Sieges, to his Song could joyn,
nd tell Old Tales of *Aughrum* and the *Boyn*;

W

A Match at Foot-Ball, &c.

Canto: II.

WHile the bold Youths arrang'd on either hand,
Around the Field in decent order ſtand,
Amid the Throng lame *Hobbinol* appear'd,
And Wav'd his Cap in order to be heard.
The Green ſtood ſilent as the Midnight-Shade,
All Tongues but his were ſtill, when thus he ſaid,
Ye Champions of fair *Lusk*, and Ye of *Soards*,
View well this Ball, the preſent of your Lords.
To outward View, three Folds of Bullocks-Hide,
With Leathern Thongs faſt bound on ev'ry ſide:

Maſs of fineſt Hay conceal'd from ſight,
onſpire at once, to make it firm and light.
this you'll all contend, this bravely ſtrive,
ternate thro' the adverſe Goal to drive,
wo Gates of *Sally* bound the Spacious Green,
ere one, and one on yonder Side is ſeen,
Guard that Ye Men of *Swards*, Ye others this,
Fame waits the careful, Scandal the remiſs;
He ſaid, and high in Air he flung the Ball,
The Champions Crowd, and anxious wait its fall.
Firſt *Felim* caught, he pois'd and felt it ſoft,
Then Whirld it with a ſudden ſtroke aloft:
With Motion ſmooth and ſwift he ſaw it glide,
Till *Dick* who ſtop'd it on the other ſide.
A Dextrous Kick with Artful fury drew,
The light Machine with force unerring flew,
To th'adverſe Goal; where in the ſight of all,
The watchful *Daniel* caught the flying Ball.

He proudly joyful in his Arms embrac'd,
The welcome Prize; then ran with eager haſte.
With luſty Strides he meaſur'd half the Plain,
When all his Foes ſurround and ſtop the Swain;
They Tugg, they Pull, to his aſſiſtance run,
The Strong Limb'd *Darby*, and the Nimble *John*.
Paddy with more than common ardor fir'd,
Outſingl'd *Daniel*, while the reſt retir'd,
At grapp'ling now their mutual Skill they Try,
Now Arm in Arm they lock, and Thigh in Thigh.
Now turn, now twine, now with a furious bound,
Each lifts his fierce Oppoſer from the Ground.
Till *FLORA* who perceiv'd the dire debate,
Anxious and trembling for her Darling's fate;
Round *Daniel's* Leg, (unſeen by human Eyes)
Nine Blades of Graſs, with artful Texture ties:
From what ſlight cauſes riſe, our Joy or Grief,
Pleaſure or Pain, Affliction or Relief?

Th'

h' entangled Youth, but faintly ſeems to ſtand,
ound by one Leg, Incumber'd in one hand;
or yet he held, nor till his hapleſs fall,
opt from his Arms, the long contended Ball.

As when a Mountain Oak its ruin finds,
hich long had brav'd the fury of the Winds:
vain it ſtands againſt the dreadful blaſt,
nd tho' reluctant, muſt ſubmit at laſt.
ch *Daniel* was thy fall, nor can it be,
o thy reproach, ſince by the Gods decree.

And now both Bands in cloſe embraces met,
ow Foot to Foot, and Breaſt to Breaſt was ſet;
ow all Impatient grapple round the Ball,
nd heaps on heaps in wild Confuſion fall.

Thus when of Old † the *Cloud-begotten* Gueſt,
Diſturb'd the Revels, and embroil'd the Feaſt;

† *Eurytus* the *Centaur. Vid. Ovid. Met.* lib. 12.

With

With ſudden frenzy fir'd, All riſe to Arms,
And rend Heaven's Azure Vault with loud alar
With Drunken Rage and Reſolution Steel'd,
The mingling Warriors buſtle thro' the Field.
Centaur's and *Lapithæ* (a dreadful ſight)
Mix in the throng and Void of order Fight;
Thro' the wide waſte, Death and Confuſion Rei
And cover all around with heaps of Slain.

Thy Trip O *Terence* fell'd the luſty *Neal*;
Kit dropt by *Felim*; *Hugh* by *Paddy* fell;
Toſs'd down by *Darby*, *Dick* forbore to Play,
John tugg'd at *Gabe*: while thus Confus'd they
Sly *Le'nard* ſtruck th'unheeded Ball, and Stole,
With eaſy Paces tow'rds th'unguarded Goal;
This *Daniel* ſaw, who riſing from the ground,
Where like *Antæus* he new Strength had found.
Flew to his Poſt, and Hallow'd to his Crew,
They ſtart, and ſwift the flying Foe purſue;

Le'nard obſerving, ſtood upon his Guard,
And now to Kick the rolling Ball prepar'd;
When careful *Terence*, fleeter than the Wind,
Ran to the Swain, and caught his Arm behind;
A Dextrous *Crook* about his Leg he wound,
And laid the Champion Grov'ling on the ground,
Then toſs'd the Foot-Ball in the Ambient Air,
Which ſoon was ſtop'd by nimble *Paddy*'s care.
Now *FLORA* to the *Zephyrs* Cell repairs,
And bribes the Deities with ardent Pray'rs,
To waft the Ball from him with certain aim,
And by his ſtroke to end the doubtful Game.

The *Zephyrs* ſmiling, promis'd all their Aid,
Flew by the Swain, and with his veſture Play'd.

Pleas'd with the Sign, he liſtned to the call,
And when the Goddeſs urg'd him, ſtruck the Ball,
No feather'd Shaft ſent from the ſounding Eugh,
E're went ſo ſtraitly, or ſo ſwiftly flew.

For on their Wings (to mortal Eyes unſeen,)
The careful *Zephyrs* bore the light Machine,
Daniel deſpairing of his promis'd Prize,
Jumps up, and ſtrives to ſtop it as it flyes;
They to avoid his Fury, upward ſoar;
'Till paſt the Goal, their pond'rous load they bore.
At this advantage all the Forces pauſe,
And the Field eccho's with the loud applauſe.

This *P A N* Indignant ſaw, fierce anger ſpread
His ruddy Viſage with a deeper Red.
Not far from hence a Shady Foreſt lyes,
Its nodding Summit tow'ring to the Skies:
In the Midwood (a lonely awful ſeat)
Stands the great Shepherds beſt belov'd retreat.
Here bloom the Trees in goodly order ſet,
While on each ſide, the ſpreading Branches met,
Here thro' the waving Boughs, the doubtful Day,
Caſts on the ſhaded Ground a Chequer'd ray,

Harmonious Birds hop warbling thro' the Trees,
And the Leaves quiver with the cooling Breeze.

Here the gay Scene with choiceſt ſweets is crown'd,
Here lavish Nature decks the teeming ground;
Adorns the Sod with Graſs of cheerful green,
While Inter'ſpers'd the varied Flow'rs are ſeen.

The *Primroſe* here its frag'rant Pride diſplays,
And there the *Daiſy* ſhoots its Milk-white rays,
Jonquils around their op'ning Bloom diſcloſe,
Here ſmiles the *Pink*, and there the *Tulip* glows.
Here ſtretch'd at eaſe, the God ſupinely lay,
And ſmiling view'd the well diſputed fray,
But when he ſaw the Goddeſs Interpoſe,
Baffle his Friends, and Countenance his Foes;
Fierce Guſts of Paſſion, fir'd his ſwelling Soul,
His Boſom rages, and his Eye-Balls roll:

In wild diſorder riſing from the ground,
He ſtarts, and caſts his gloomy Looks around,
Then ſunk, and ſeem'd in ſullen Sorrow drown'd.

'Twas at this time, when from the Field retir'd,
To taſte the ſweetneſs which the Grove expir'd,
Fair *FLORA* entred the divine abode,
And in a penſive Poſture found the God:
His back reclin'd againſt an aged Oak,
Scowling his Eyes, and drooping o're his Crook.
While various thoughts roll anxious in his Breaſt,
Thus with a Frown the Goddeſs he addreſt,
What Folly moves you, or what Pride incites,
To Intermeddle with my chief delights?
And doſt thou know the Swain's my proper Sphere,
While Flow'rs and Herbs alone demand your care?
And dar'ſt thou yet, by *Jove*'s Decree confin'd,
Exceed the Limits to thy charge aſſign'd?
Shock'd at theſe Sounds, while Anger and Diſdain,
Rage in her Breaſt, and boil in ev'ry Vein. The

e Goddeſs anſwer'd, whence this riſing Storm,
nd why theſe gloomy Clouds, thy Brow deform?
this Precedence what is thy pretence?
nd whoſe the Pow'r, to which I gave offence?
hat thus you rave of violated Right,
Sounds to Deafen, and with Frowns to Fright.

And doſt thou ask? reply'd the furious *PAN*,
nd haſt thou learn'd, how firſt theſe Sports began?
ow then, I firſt of Gods or Men was ſeen,
o toſs a Foot-Ball on yon' Flowry Green;
pollo taught me, when from *Jove* he fled,
nd on the Plain, *Admetus*'s Cattle Fed.
was on yon' Field, and at that Game I won,
is long Contended Crook from *Maya*'s Son,
it (that Stinging thought renews my Woe)
is Circling Wreath, which binds my Brows I owe.
is fatal Wreath——more as he ſtrove to ſay,
hs Choak'd his failing Words, and ſtop'd their way,

Adown

Adown his Cheeks, the Tears each other trace,
And all his Anger to his Grief gave place.
Sighs ſo unfeign'd, ſoft *FLORA'S* Heart engage
And kind concern ſucceeds to ebbing rage;
With calmer Brow, She kindly asks his care,
(Pity's the darling Weakneſs of the Fair.)
Pleas'd with her Words, the God forgot the Foe,
(So much we Love, Indulgence ev'n in Woe)
View'd her Intent, and with a kinder look,
And in a gentler Tone, more ſoftly ſpoke:
Tho' the Recital Stab me to the Heart,
Revive my Suff'rings, and renew my Smart;
Tho' it recall paſt Horrors to my View,
Tear my old Wounds, and make them Bleed anew
Yet you ſhall hear——then beckon'd to the Plain
When lo! appear'd a Satyr of his Train.

Two butting Horns adorn his curling Head,
His Limbs an Hairy cov'ring overſpread.
With Scudding Tail, on Cloven Hoofs he ran,
Receiv'd the Gods command, and thus began.

A Match at Foot-Ball, &c.

Canto. III.

IN Days of Yore a lovely Country Maid,
Rang'd o're these Lawns and thro' these Forests stray'd;
Modest her Pleasures, matchless was her Frame,
Peerless her Face, and *SALLY* was her Name.
By no frail Vows her young desires were bound,
No Shepherd yet the way to please her found,
Thoughtless of Love the Beauteous Nymph appear'd
Nor hop'd its transports, nor its torments fear'd;

But careful fed her Flocks, and grac'd the Plain;
She lack'd no Pleaſure, and ſhe felt no Pain.

She view'd our motions when we toſs'd the Ball,
And ſmil'd to ſee us take, or ward a Fall,
Till once our Leader chanc'd the Nymph to ſpy,
And Drunk in Poiſon from her lovely Eye;
Now Penſive grown, he ſhun'd the long lov'd plains,
His darling pleaſures, and his favour'd Swains,
Sigh'd in her abſence, ſigh'd when ſhe was near,
Now big with hope, and now diſmay'd with fear:
At length with falt'ring Tongue, he preſs'd the Dame,
For ſome returns to his unpitied flame;
But ſhe diſdain'd his Suit, deſpis'd his care,
His Form unhandſome, and his briſtled Hair,
Forward ſhe ſprung, and with an eager pace,
The God purſu'd, nor fainted in the race,
Swift as the frighted Hind the Virgin flies,
When the Woods eccho to the Hunters crys.

Swift as the ſtancheſt Hound, her flight he trac'd,
When o're the Lawns the frighted Hind is chac'd;
The Winds which ſported with her flowing veſt,
Diſplay'd new charms, and heighten'd all the reſt,
Thoſe charms display'd, increas'd the Gods deſire,
What cool'd her Boſom, ſet his Breaſt on fire;
With equal ſpeed for different ends they move,
Fear lent the Virgin Wings, the Shepherd love;
Panting at length thus in her flight ſhe pray'd,
Be quick ye Powers, and ſave a wretched Maid,
Protect my Honour, ſhelter me from ſhame,
Beauty and Life with pleaſure I diſclaim.

She ſaid the Pow'rs in pity to the Fair,
Direct her wearied ſteps, and grant her Prayer,
To Fenny Marſhes now her courſe ſhe bends,
Now on her Neck the ruſhing God impends,
Now he prepares to claſp her in his Arms,
And in his fancy revels in her Charms;

When on a murm'ring torrents miry brink,
Down to the Boſom he beheld her ſink,
He caught her by th' expanded Arms, and thoſe,
Sudden he felt a circling rind incloſe,
Her Hair he graſp'd, but that his Senſe deceives,
He fills Hands with ſlender Twiggs and Leaves;
The part which downward ſunk became a Root,
Her Arms on either ſide like Branches ſhoot,
To outward view the Virgin ceas'd to be,
But ſtill her Life lay latent in the Tree.
The grateful Tree yet loves the watry glade,
Or caſts o're purling Streams its pleaſing ſhade.
Next to the † Reed in place as next in Fame,
And from the lovely *SALLY* takes its Name,
Yet in remembrance of the Nymphs diſdain,
Her uſeleſs Beauty, and his fruitleſs Pain,

† The Nymph *Syrinx* was turn'd into a Reed as ſhe fled from *PAN*, *Ovid Met. lib.* 2.

Tho'

Tho' ev'ry ſpring her budding Bloſſoms ſhoot,
The barren Tree continues void of Fruit.

This monſtrous change the love-ſick God amaz'd,
Silent he ſtood, and at the wonder gaz'd;
At length his Words broke out, and thus he ſaid,
Since thou can'ſt crown my Love thou ſhalt my Hea
In all my pleaſures thou ſhalt mix, and raiſe
Eternal Trophys to thy virtuous praiſe;
O're all all the Land thy Stock ſhall be diſplay'd,
Adorn my Suppliants, and my Altars ſhade,
Each victims Head ſhall with thy Leaves be crown
And with thy Twiggs his tender Limbs be bound:
Erected Goals on ev'ry Foot Ball Green,
Tor'n from thy blooming Boughs ſhall ſtill be ſeen.
From my example each ſucceeding ſwain,
Whom cruel Nymphs permit to ſigh in vain,
With thee ſhall ſhade his drooping Head, and w
Thy verdant Leaves an emblem of deſpair;

This ſaid he fram'd a Garland for his Brow,
Which long he wore, and ſee he wears it now.

He ceas'd. In Tears the pitying Goddeſs Sate,
And ſighing cry'd, all muſt ſubmit to fate,
But let the Swains now reaſſume their Play,
And chance or merit end the doubtful fray:
Too ſenſibly your griefs afflict my Breaſt,
To marr your pleaſures, or your rights conteſt;
Whence you may learn, when rage, and threatnings fail,
Soft ſoothing Arts on Female minds prevail.

The Warlike Leaders, now their ſtations change,
And round the Field their gallant Forces range,
Big with their hopes, and fearleſs of the prize,
Lusk's Champions their diſheart'ned Foe deſpiſe.

Unhappy Mortals! Whoſe unthinking mind,
Swells with the preſent, to the future blind,
Eleas'd without raeſon, vain without ſucceſs;
Small joys exalt you, and ſmall griefs depreſs.

Sudde

Sudden theſe hopes ſhall be for ever croſt,
And all your Honours with the Prize be loſt.

Firſt *Paddy* ſtruck the Ball, *John* ſtopt its courſe,
And ſent it backward with redoubled force;
Dick met, and meeting ſmote the light Machine,
Reptile it ran, and skim'd along the Green,
Till *Terence* ſtop'd——with gentle ſtrokes he trolls,
(Th' obedient Ball in ſhort excurſions rolls)
Then ſwiftly runs, and drives it o're the Plain,
Follow the reſt, and chaſe the flying Swain.

So have I ſeen upon a Froſty Day,
By Fowlers frighted, or in queſt of prey,
Skim thro' the Air whole Covies of Curlew,
One only leading while the reſt purſue.

Paddy whoſe fleeter pace outſtript the reſt,
Came up, and caught the Champion by the Veſt,
Between his Legs, an artful crook he twin'd,
And almoſt fell'd him, e're he look'd behind.

Norah with horror ſaw the deſtin'd wile,
And Blench'd, and Bluſh'd, and Trembl'd for a while;
But when ſhe ſaw him graſp the Traytor's Hand,
And Face to Face the grappling Rivals ſtand,
What diff'ring Pangs her anxious Boſom tear,
Now flufh'd with hope, now chill'd with ſudden fear?
Paddy to ſee the Champion diſingag'd
From ſo well form'd a Trip with fury rag'd,
Bounds to purſue the Ball; but *Terence* ſtopt,
Athwart him flung his Leg, and down he dropt.

So ſome tall Pine which many Years had ſtood,
The Pride of Trees, and Miſtreſs of the Wood;
Braves for a while the ſtrokes, and ſeems to foil
The piercing Ax, and mock the Peaſants Toil;
Till lop'd at length by one fell dext'rous Wound,
It falls, and ſpreads its ruins all around.

Terence unmindful of the danger paſt,
A ſide long glance, at his lov'd *Norah* caſt,

There ſaw her pleaſure mix'd with her ſurprize,
Glow, on her Cheeks, and ſparkle in her Eyes;
He ſaw, and with uncommon joy inſpir'd,
Ruſh'd on the Foe, and from her ſight retir'd.

Mean while the ſturdy *Neal* the Foot-Ball caugh
And to his Friends with ſtrokes repeated brought;
The Warriors now diſperſe between them all,
Flies to and fro' the reperuſſive Ball.
'Till *Terence* came, thus ſecretly he pray'd,
Propitious *P A N*, lend thy directive aid;
And on thy Altar if my aims ſucceed,
A Lamb the whiteſt of my Flock ſhall bleed.
The God conſents——one kick he ſoftly ſtole,
And with the other drove it thro' the Goal,
Lusk Champions droop, loud Acclamations riſe,
And the ſhrill Clamours pierce the vaulted Skies.
Joy ſmiles on ev'ry Face, all Heads are bare,
While Clouds of Hats fly wanton in the Air.

Thus looks some ancient Rook'ry, when on high
The wing'd Inhabitants confus'dly fly,
When scar'd by thunder from the distant Gun,
In heaps, on heaps the screaming squadrons run,
And darken the Day, and intercept the Sun.
While others claim their well contended Prize,
Terence alone to his dear *Norah* flyes,
Clasps the lov'd fair one in his eager Arms,
And thus with softest elocution warms,
Joy of my Life, and pleasure of my Youth,
Behold this mark, this witness of my truth,
No Prize but you was worth such hard pursuit,
And for no other would your Swain dispute;
For you all hardships I could learn to bear,
For you with joy, I'll leap the Stools next Year,
Then quickly yield, nor kill me with delay,
For Love, and Life are fleeter than the Day.
Silent she stood, the pressing loving Swain
Gaz'd on her Eyes, and Read her meaning plain;

He ſaw the Paſſion which ſhe could not ſpeak,
Pant on her Breaſt, and fluſh upon her Cheek;
Thence takes the hint, purſues his firſt intent,
And from her ſilence argues her conſent,
Leads to the Nuptial Bow'r the willing Maid,
No Jointure ſettled, and no Portion paid.
No crowds of Jewels from her Boſom glare,
Glow on her Hands, or ſparkle in her Hair.
No Robes of white her Native Charms adorn,
Nor gaudy Silks are by the Virgin worn;
But ſweetly artleſs, innocently gay,
Her ſparkling Eyes, a cheerful Light diſplay,
The crimſon Bluſhes on her Cheeks outvie,
The Golden ſtreaks that paint the Weſtern Sky.

What Monarchs envy might not *Terence* move,
So crown'd with Conqueſt, and ſo bleſt with Love

FINIS.